

See Miss Smith

MORNING

# SATURDAY



# VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

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## TERMS:

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

## POETICAL.



### A DIRGE.

BY COOLEY.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"  
Here the evil and the just,  
Here the youthful and the old,  
Here the fearful and the bold,  
Here the matron and the maid,  
In one silent bed are laid;  
Side by side lie withering;  
Here the sword and scepter rust—  
Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"  
Age and age shall roll along,  
O'er this pale and mighty throng,  
Those that wept then, those that weep  
All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
Brothers sisters of the worm,  
Summer's sun and winter's storm,  
Song of peace and battle's roar,  
Ne'er shall break their solemn trust—  
Death shall keep his slumbers more,  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"  
But a day is coming fast,  
Earth, the mightiest and thy last,  
It shall come in fear and wonder,  
Heralded by trumpet and thunder,  
It shall come in strife and toil,  
It shall come in blood and spoil,  
It shall come in empire's groans,  
Burning temples trampled thrones,  
Then, ambition, rue thy lust!  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"  
Then shall come the judgement sign,  
In the east the King shall shine,  
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,  
Thousands thousands round his state,  
Spirits with the crown and plume,  
Tremble then, thou silent tomb!  
Heaven shall open in our sight  
Earth be turned to living light,  
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"  
Then shall, gorgeous as a gem  
Shine thy mount, Jerusalem,  
Then shall in the desert rise  
Fruits of more than Paradise,  
Earth by angel feet be trod,  
One great garden of God,  
Till are dried the martyr's tears,  
Through a glorious thousand years,  
Now in hope of him we trust—  
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

### FREE SOIL.

"Hurrah for free soil! I go for free soil," said a rumseller in our hearing the other day, swinging his hat.  
"Do you sir? Ah! what is free soil?"  
"Free soil! Why, soil where there is no slave, and no man that buys and sells one."  
"Ah! then you'll vote to have your own State purged?"  
"What do you mean? There is no slave here."  
"None! What is poor Joe Blarney but a slave to his bottle? and who are you but the man who has dragged him into slavery and keeps him there, binding him in chains tighter than were ever put upon a poor Brazilian captive. Talk about free soil, while there are 7000 licensed grog-shops in the Empire State, crushing the hopes and breaking the hearts of ten thousand families! There is no free soil here till we have swept off every grog-shop and cleared up all out—every manufacturer of miserable drunks."  
The gentleman put on his hat and marched away.

## FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER. A SCENE IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

We have "laughed until we cried" over a "Scene in an Artist's Studio," described by "Tom Pepper," in one of the chapters which depicts the result of romancing. It should be premised that he is in the painting room of Mr. Ardent, a gifted artist, where are a great many casts of Venuses and Apollos, empty champagne bottles, elephants' teeth, a clay figure with a white satin robe over its shoulders, but with nothing on its legs; a Roman shield, a Gothic chair, a plaster horse and a marble dog, all placed together in one corner; the walls are covered with cartoon drawings of heads, arms and torsos, some of them finished with exquisite nicety, and all of them displaying a masterly hand. There are landscapes, half-finished portraits, and diagrams in abundance, but nothing coarse or vulgar. There is a magnificent mahogany chair, covered with crimson velvet, placed on a kind of throne, in front of which stands an unfinished portrait of a lady, which Mr. Ardent takes down and turns to the wall before the writer has an opportunity to mark it particularly, and in spite of all his entreaties, he refuses to allow him to look at it. One corner of the room is screened off by a large mounted canvass, which he turns round, and shows him the figure of Apollo that he had spoken of. Tom is charmed by the majestic beauty of the figure, the dignity of expression which the artist had imparted to the features, the depth and richness of the color, and the purity with which the figure, although entirely nude, seemed to be invested. But observe what ensues:

"Come," said Ardent, taking up his paint-stick, brushes and palette; "take off your hat, and try to assume that fierce look which you put on when you struck at me."

"I cannot assume a look," I replied; "I can only look as I feel."

"Well, now, I like that much better," said he; "you look precisely as I wish you to. Only remain so for a moment." And he began to touch upon his picture as I stood before him.

"Won't you take off your coat and cravat?" he said. "Thank you. If you could take off your vest conveniently," he said, in his persuasive manner, "I should like it very much."

I took off my vest, as he requested, and to oblige him still further, took off my shirt, then my pantaloons, until at last I stood before him as naked as the figure he was painting; and I was so charmed by his conversation, and so desirous of obliging him, that I felt quite unconscious of my rather novel position. He continued talking and painting, only interrupting himself occasionally to request me to vary my position, and I listened to him without the least diminution of interest in his conversation; but we were suddenly interrupted by somebody turning the handle of the door; and as he had neglected to lock it, I had but barely time to jump behind the canvass before the door was opened and a lady entered.

"Ah! how do you do, Mrs. Napkin?" said Mr. Ardent; "are you pretty well this morning?"

"No, I am not well, and you know I am not," said the lady.

"Ah! I am very sorry," said the artist.

"Then pay me my money; I don't want any body to be sorry for that owes me money," said the lady seating herself.

"It is very unfortunate for me," said he, deprecatingly, "but really I have not got a shilling this morning."

"A pretty fellow you are," said she, "to be up here painting naked figures, and eating my bread, and my children in want of shoes to their feet!"

"Good heavens, Mrs. Napkin!" said he, "it is very unreasonable in you to talk in that manner! I have already given you my watch, that is worth more than five times the amount I owe you; you have taken the silver palette that was given to me by the Academy, besides keeping all my wardrobe, and I have paid you a good deal of money beside since you turned me out of your house."

"Well, all I know is, I want my money, and I won't leave without it get it, or its full value," said the lady. "Every body must take care of themselves in this selfish world."

"But my dear friend," said he—

"O it's a very easy thing to say my dear friend," said Mrs. Napkin, "but that's not giving me my money. I must have my money. However, if you won't pay me, I will just pay myself!"

"For Heaven's sake don't touch those things!" exclaimed Mr. Ardent; and hereupon a scuffle took place between the artist and his creditor, and before I could discover what they were about, I heard the door slam to, and the artist looking

behind the canvass, exclaimed in great consternation: "my dear fellow, she has run off with all your clothes!"

"It is very distressing," said the artist, "to be in debt, and particularly to women; they are so urgent in their demands, and so unreasonable in their expectations. I really believe that I have paid my landlady three or four times the amount of her bill, and yet she continues to haunt me!"

"My good fellow," said I, "if you have paid the woman, of course you taken a receipt from her?"

"A receipt!" said the artist. "Well, that is something I never thought of; I wish I had, for she is continually threatening me with a law suit."

"Very well," said I, "if you have been so careless, you must suffer for your negligence; but that is no fault of mine, and I am not going naked this chilly weather because you have got a dishonest landlady."

"Ah! I am very sorry," said Mr. Ardent, "but what can I do?"

"What can you do?" I replied. "It strikes me that the way is very plain before you; go get a warrant against the haridan for stealing my clothes, and I will wait here for you to return with them; but you must be back soon, for I have an appointment to keep."

"Ah! but consider that she is a woman," said the artist.

"A woman!—she is a hag!" I exclaimed, growing vexed at the coolness of the painter; "but do as you choose: either strip and give me your own clothes, or go and get mine. I have an appointment to keep, and I cannot break it."

"Have you?" said he; "that is so unfortunate! But just stand up for a few minutes, until I finish glazing over the head with this madder that I have got on my palette."

"No, no; I cannot wait longer," said I. "You must, or the effect of my picture will be spoiled," said he.

"But I tell you that I must be gone," said I. "It is impossible; I cannot."

"Then I swear to you by all that is sacred, if you don't, I will not let you budge from the room to-night!" he exclaimed, with a determined air, and looking me sternly in the face.

I saw there was no use in expostulating, and as the enthusiast had me completely in his power, I could do nothing but yield to his demands; and placing myself in the proper pose, he commenced rubbing on his confounded madder on the canvass, which seemed to afford him as much pleasure as it did me chagrin. At last he laid down his palette and brush, and throwing his arms around my neck, said—

"You are very good, and I am very grateful to you."

"But," said I, "this is getting to be a very serious matter, my friend; you seem to forget that I am standing here without a rag of clothes to my back!"

"Very true," said he, "you are in rather an awkward box; but I will go out and try and get your clothes back. But suppose that Mrs. Napkin will not deliver them without I pay her what she claims to be due her? I have got no money. Couldn't you lend me some?—and I will pay you very soon."

"Do you forget," said I impatiently, "that the woman has not only carried off my clothes, but everything that was in my pockets?"

"So she has! What shall I do?" again said the artist, as he stood hesitatingly at the door.

"Allow me to suggest to you," said I, "the propriety of bringing me a suit of your own clothes, then, that I may be relieved from my awkward position."

"It happens very unfortunately," said he, "that I have left my entire wardrobe in pledge for a small sum that I owe another landlady for a trifling board bill. I declare to you that I don't know what to do."

There was but one alternative for me, so I wrote a note to Mr. Bassett, requesting him to give the bearer twenty dollars, and told the artist after he procured the money, to obtain my clothes, and bring them to me; he then left me, locking the door, and taking the key with him. He was gone a long time, and I had to leap about the room to keep myself from freezing. I partly clothed myself by robbing a clay figure of its mantle of red velvet, which stood in a corner, and tried to amuse myself by looking into Mr. Ardent's portfolios, and examining his unfinished pictures, which were turned to the wall. I was as much astonished at the beauty of his paintings, their surprising harmony of color, and purity of feeling, as I was at his simplicity of character and elevated mind. He seemed, in truth, to be a singular compound of lofty genius, with a mind of more than child-like simplicity. His want of tact in the ordinary affairs of life, was doubtless owing to his mind being so wholly absorbed in his art; for as

an eagle would starve on a dunghill, where a barn-door fowl would pick up a subsistence, so do such men as Ardent starve in the world, while meaner persons contrive to live in splendor. I could really pardon the artist for the very uncomfortable position into which he had unwittingly thrust me, although my vexation was almost unbearable. I had sufficient time to get cool before he returned, and, indeed, when I heard his step in the passage, I was so completely exhausted, for it was nearly dark, that my teeth chattered with the cold. He had a covered basket in his hand, which I supposed, of course, contained my clothes; and as I demanded them hastily, he said:

"I have not got your clothes, my good friend, but I have got you something to eat, and here is a bottle of champagne to warm you."

Vexed and disappointed as I felt, I was too happy in having something to eat, to reproach him, and immediately fell to upon the cold tongue, bread and butter and champagne, which he had brought me. We grew very merry together, and I laughed heartily at his perplexities in trying to get back my clothes. He had obtained the money from Mr. Bassett without any difficulty, although he had to wait a couple of hours for him to return to his counting-room from dinner, and at last had been so vexed at the exorbitant demands of his landlady, that he swore he would not pay her a dollar, and had to come away without my clothes after all.

"Well," said I, "it was very good of you to think of bringing me something to eat. How much money have you got left?"

"The truth is, my dear fellow," said he embracing me again, "I have not got any. But you will not be vexed with me? I am very sorry that it happened so. But what could I do? I remembered that I wanted more colors before I could finish my large picture, and so I stepped into De Bistre's to procure what I wanted, and when I gave the mercenary wretch the twenty dollar bill which I received from your friend, would you believe that the rascal refused to return me my change, and told me he would place the balance to my credit."

"Heaven save you!" I exclaimed, "what shall I do to-night for my clothes?"

"I am very sorry," ejaculated Mr. Ardent again, "but how could I help it? I did not think that De Bistre was such a kind of man."

"And pray," I asked, "how did you procure the champagne and cold tongue?"

"O! I left the madder which I bought in pledge for the amount," said he.

So I was now worse off than before, and as it was now quite dark, I gave up all hopes of being liberated for the night, and after Mr. Ardent had lighted a candle, which he stuck in the neck of the champagne bottle, I wrapped myself up in the fragments of the cloth which I found in his room, and forgot all my perplexities, while he delivered to me a lecture on the principles of his art, which was so mingled up with shrewd observations on men, and profound reflections on the philosophy of life, that I felt myself not only amply compensated for all the trouble he had put me to, but indebted to him for his instruction."

The best way to get help in the world, is to help yourself. Show that you need aid, and all will turn a cold shoulder to you; but prove that you can do without aid, and they will beg to give you a lift.

The above is but too true, as is to be seen almost every day. But only let a fellow get a downy and start in the world, and who too poor or mean to give him a kick?—*Visitor.*

### A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Said Greene, the reformed gambler:—

"My father was a drunkard. My mother died when I was only seven years old. On the morning before my mother bade adieu to earth, she called me to her bedside, and amid her tears thus addressed me: 'my son, your mother is going to die; you are young; your father is dissipated, and you will be thrown upon your own resources—I want you to solemnly promise, that you will never use intoxicating drinks as a beverage! That morning by the bedside of my dying mother, I thus promised. And never, from that day to this, although placed in constant temptation to violate my pledge, have I forgotten the promise made to my dying mother—"

O! that she had warned me against gambling! I believe as firmly as I believe in my being, that if, on the day of her death, she had bade me beware of the black art of gambling, that I should have never become a votary to that abominable vice!—Mothers, ye know not what power ye have to bind your sons to honesty, to piety, purity and truth! Make the truth, and many more of our choice children may be saved from an infamous life, and a dreadful death!"

### CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I ask not beauty—'tis a gleam

That tints the morning sky;

I ask not learning—'tis a stream

That glides unheeded by.

I ask not wit—it is a flash

That often blinds fassons eye;

I ask not gold—'tis glittering trash

That causes man to sigh.

I ask good sense, a taste refined,

And candor with prudence blended;

A feeling heart a virtuous mind,

With charity attended.

### MINNESOTA.

In the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, the following mention is made of this new territory:

"This is the euphonious name given to an extensive region lying north of Wisconsin and Iowa, in which, as the Western papers advise us, incipient steps have been taken towards the formation of a territorial government. Several promising settlements have already been made within the bounds of the new territory; the soil for the most part is represented to be very good, the country is finely watered and timbered, and the climate is milder and more congenial than in the corresponding latitude of New England. We well remember—it was but a few years ago—when flour, pork and potatoes were sent from this port for the supply of the families settled where is now the beautiful and flourishing city of Milwaukee. Iowa was then unknown, save as a wild hunting ground of the Indians, and we remember publishing by request, the proceedings at Dubuque—then without the limits of the organized States or Territories of the Union—of a self-constituted court to try a man accused of murder. The few people then at that remote point, though beyond the jurisdiction of law, elected a judge, sheriff and prosecuting attorney, empaneled a jury, assigned the prisoner counsel, tried, convicted and hanged the murderer, and to show that every thing was done right, sent us a certified statement of all their proceedings for publication. This was but little more than ten years ago. Now Dubuque is a flourishing town in the limits of the State of Iowa. In a few years more, Minnesota, whose name sounds so strangely, will be knocking for admission into the Union as a sovereign State. Nothing in history surpasses or even equals the growth of the Far North-west. The ear scarcely becomes familiar with the name of its territories, and geographers are at a loss to define their limits on maps that grace our walls, when like Minerva, springing into life in full panoply, they challenge our admiration as firmly constituted, prosperous, independent commonwealths. In truth, we have a great and glorious country. Its history is a romance, surpassing in its facts the wildest creation of fiction."

### MONUMENT TO THE SIGNERS.

Why is it, in this monument-rearing age, that no one seems to have thought of erecting one to the memory of the noble and far-seeing men whose names are appended to the Declaration of Independence?

Baltimore long since honored herself by discharging a debt of patriotic gratitude to her gallant defenders in the war of 1812, by raising a beautiful monument, on which are inscribed the names of those who fell in the conflict at North Point. The whole nation is interested in the progress of the Washington Monument at the Capital, and will acquire credit in the eyes of the civilized world, when it is worthily completed. All this is well and deserving of commendation. There is an untold power and value in all these edifices, not only as monuments of great and glorious deeds and men, but as incentives to youthful minds to emulate them.

But whose memory is more worthy of perpetuation, whose lofty patriotism shines more brightly in the history of the past, than that of the immortal signers of the immortal instrument which announced our separate and independent existence as a nation? Let a befitting monument be reared to them, and let the names signed to the Declaration twine around it, for our children and our children's children to gaze upon with reverence and admiration.

—A. Y. Organ.

### A CUBING RELAT.

After the younger Mr. Pitt had made his speech in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Walpole, in a sarcastic note, remarked:

"I apprehend the young gentleman has not sown all his wild oats." To which Mr. Pitt replied in a rejoinder:

"Age has its privileges, and youth may have its faults, but the gentleman's efforts, simple illustration that I still retain food enough for geese to peck at!"

### SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

A correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, gives the following brief account of a subterranean fire in Eastern Texas:

There is a very singular circumstance in Shelby county, Texas, of a well that has been burning about twelve months, at the former residence of Judge Luak. When he moved from the place he laid some logs over the well, from which he had used water for several years. Sometime after the woods caught fire and the timbers burning fell in, and ignited some substance, supposed to be stone coal. The rainy seasons have not extinguished it, but it has burnt incessantly. It does not give a very agreeable feeling to the visitor; for it is neither sublime nor beautiful; but from the deep grumbling noise that is heard—the sulphurous smell, and the dark cloud of smoke, that is continually rising, a beholder is forcibly convinced that there is actually fire and brimstone in the subterranean regions. Various results are conjectured; perhaps some geologist can give comfort to the anxious minds of the surrounding inhabitants, by showing what will be the final termination of the Burning Well.

It is stated by the London Times, of a late date, that a subterranean fire is burning near Sheffield, England, which has been in existence in that vicinity for a century past, and which has, at various times, undermined the ground. Portions of the Sheffield street have sunk years ago, exposing the fearful hollow beneath. Houses have been rendered untenable on account of black and choke damp, and cellars have been closed for years. Water drawn up from wells there, is found perfectly hot. Many years ago flames at times issued from fissures in the fields, and a farm house being undermined, was torn down. Some years after, a few cottages were erected upon its site, and they tumbled down and have been abandoned.

### A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A man who had struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage, on which life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep might ensure his recovery. His anxious wife, scarcely daring to breathe, was sitting by his bed; her servants, exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard, in the stillness of the night, a window open below stairs; and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more, and a man with his face disguised, entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband, and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise, he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room; and without robbing a house satisfied by such strength of affection, he departed.—*Savannah Iris.*

A New Dish.—A gentleman whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant of the meaning of those, called in at one of our French restaurants a few days since for his dinner.

"Vat vill you have, sars?" said the attentive French waiter.

"I'll take some of that—that—what do you call it?—same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other."

"I do not recollect vat you did have day before dis."

"Oh, some fried dish—let's see; a fried *fille de chambre*—I believe that's what they call it."

The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment, when his customer called for a *fried chambermaid*.

"What would you charge to knit me a pair of stockings such as these?" inquired a foppish young fellow of a lady who was knitting a thick, warm pair of wool-ens.

"Would you have socks or stockings?" inquired the lady.

"I want them to come up over the calf," he replied.

"In that case it would take some time to estimate—I have never knit stockings to cover the whole body."

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and depending. And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a word can accomplish so much from the leaf of the mulberry.

The latest standard of mind was the sending up of a receipt for twenty dollars, to the pulpit, to be read by the minister, instead of an important church notice.